

There's More to Tony Than He'd Like You to Know

by The Lollipop Assassin

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Summary: A series of stories about Tony and his emotions. Everyone thinks that he is an egotistical man who cares little about anyone who is not himself, but that is not true. The first story is about the Avengers learning that Coulson is still alive and the emotional results that come from this revelation.

1. He's Alive Ch1

" So you've been alive for how long?" Tony asked in disbelief.

" I was only really dead for a few minutes. SHEILD doctors revived me. I'm more machine than man, but I'm still me." Coulson answered calmly and professionally.

" What've you been doing all this time?" Clint asked, sounding quite irritated.

" I have been working with a secret team." He told them.

" Four years," Tony muttered, " Four fucking years."

" Stark! Have some respect," Steve scolded, " If he could've contacted any of us, he would've." Tony just shook his head,

" I believe it's more about want than the ability to." Tony retorted.

" Calm down and listen to him Stark! This is no way to treat a returning soldier." Steve shot back, just as quick.

" So tell me, why is it that you didn't try to contact your _original _team? Did One Eye over here tell you not to? Or did you just choose not to?" Tony turned back to Coulson.

" It was important that I not interfere with your progress," he

replied. With that, Tony stood up,

" Agent Coulson, Director Fury, Agent Hill, due to recent events there are new rules that will have to be set into place on my relationship with SHEILD."

" Stark what are you doing?!" Steve nearly yelled.

" Tony..." Bruce called out softly. Tony ignored both of them,

" As of this moment, no agent of SHEILD, aside from members of the Avengers, will be allowed on the personal levels of St- Avengers tower. If anyone attempts to use their access to get you onto said levels, they will be banned as well. I will contact you later and give you a list of floors that you will be allowed to meet us on. If you lie to me again, I will not hesitate to hack into SHEILD's database to find out what I need to know. In addition, any technology that SHEILD currently has that I provided will stay with you, but I **_will not _**be providing any more. Only members of the Avengers team will be given technology and if they attempt to provide you with even the smallest piece of my tech, they will be kicked out of the tower. Am I understood?"

" What makes you think that you are in any position to make such demands?" Hill asked, as Fury simply scowled down at Tony and Coulson attempted to look as impassive as possible.

" I think the Director knows good and well that if you choose not to cooperate, I will make sure that you lives are a living hell," Tony spat, his tone becoming harsher and harsher as the sentence went on.

" With that, I am off." He walked out of the room, with his fellow Avengers staring in shock.

" I apologize on Stark's behalf sir. That was highly unprofessional of him." Steve said calmly.

" You are dismissed."

2. He's Alive Ch2

" I can't believe him. He's really crossed the li-" Steve rambled on as he and the team flew to the tower.

" All due respect Captain shut the hell up," Bruce growled. After a long and awkward flight, they arrived at the tower and walked onto the common floor, to see no sign of Tony.

" JARVIS, where is Stark?" Steve asked.

" I am not permitted to share that information with you, Captain Rogers," JARVIS informed him.

" Seriously?" Steve sighed, exasperated. Wordlessly, Clint and Bruce stepped back onto the elevator and went to find Tony. When they found him, he was on one of the restricted floors that only Clint and Bruce were allowed on. He was gripping a table with his back was turned to them, so whether he was shaking because he was crying or having an

anxiety attack, they didn't know.

" Tony?" Bruce called out, gingerly. The man in question didn't turn around, but after a long minute, he choked out a response,

" F-four y-ye-ars. H-he's been alive for ALL FOUR YEARS," Tony's grip on the table tightened to the point that blood began to trickle out.

" Tony," Clint tried, this time, slowly approaching the man.

" Leave me alone." He muttered, then thought about it for a second and apologized, " He's irrelevant now."

" Come on Tony, we know you. It's okay to be upset that your now ****_ex_****-boyfriend isn't really dead. He lied to you. Furry lied to you. You're allowed to feel betrayed," Bruce assured him, throwing a concerned glance at the hands that were steadily tightening on the sharp edge of the glass table, " Tony, calm down. You're hurting your hands." At this, Tony looked down confused as if he didn't know what he was doing and lifted his hands, inspecting them.

" Let's go to the lab. Bruce can fix up your hands." Clint tried, putting his hand on Tony's shoulder, gently guiding him towards the elevator.

" What are you doing?" Tony asked.

" We're your boyfriend and your best friend, it's our jobs to take care of you," Clint assured him as they got on the elevator and began descending down to the lab. When they arrived and stepped off, Bruce stitched and bandaged Tony's relatively shallow, yet still concerning gashes.

" I'm ordering Indian," Bruce announced.

" What about the others?" Tony asked, clutching his head and accepting the pills offered by Bruce for his oncoming headache.

" What about them?"

3. He's Alive Ch3

" Look Stark," Steve began the next day at breakfast, " I get that you're upset, but that doesn't give you permission to give SHEILD unreasonable demands, then disappear during team night. As if that wasn't enough, you made Clint and Bruce run after you so they missed it too. Don't you get how important they are?"

" Good morning to you too," Clint said, taking a seat at the kitchen's island.

" Well?" Steve repeated, ignoring Clint and staring down Tony, who still hadn't answered. Tony didn't know what he was thinking, but the words that flowed out of his mouth next were disastrous,

" You wouldn't understand being from the olden times and all, but me and Phil... we were a thing before he _'died' . _We... uh... dated for a while. That-"

" What do you mean you _dated_?" Steve snarled.

" We-"

" I know what it means. I mean how can you pose as some type of hero, when you're really just-" The rest of the words that he said were blurred out as Tony couldn't bring himself to listen, instead remembering the same speech he'd gotten those years ago. He ignored what was going on around him, vaguely aware of the fact that Steve had grabbed him roughly and Clint punched Steve in the face. He even heard what sounded like Bruce growling and transforming into the Hulk, but the transformation mustn't have happened because to his knowledge, there was no mass destruction happening around him. Then he felt himself being ushered, well more like dragged, away. The funny thing is, he didn't remember beginning to panic. Yet there he was somewhere in the tower in a full-fledged panic attack, all because the Captain had brought up some unpleasant memories. His mind was racing so fast that he even flinched away from the gentle hand that was trying to calm him. Some part of his mind knew it wasn't a threat. It was Clint. Clint's good. Though, the rest of his brain was telling him that it was bad. Funny thing panic attacks. At some point, he began to feel tired, probably from panicking too long, and slowly he became more aware of the world around him. His cheeks were wet and his mouth tasted disgustingly like salt, which likely meant he'd been crying. How pathetic.

" It's not pathetic." Someone familiar whispered, but of course, it was. Having a panic attack just because Steve grabbing him brought up some bad memories. Not that Steve would mind being compared to such a fine and honorable man like his father. It was his fault, it was Tony's. His fault for being this way. His fault for bringing it up. He's too old for this shit.

" It's not your fault and you're not too old," a different voice assured him. That must mean he was thinking aloud, " Yeah. You are."

" Sorry," he told them.

" Don't be. Feel better now?" Bruce replied as Tony leaned onto him for support, all he got as an answer was a nod. Then Tony abruptly got up and walked over to his desk,

" I have work to do."

" I'd rather you not. Your hands are injured."

" I- I need something to do," Tony admitted, not looking up at either of them. Bruce looked at Clint and sighed,

" Take it easy, okay?... JARVIS, tell me if he does anything that would threaten his health." With that, Bruce and Clint left Tony to his own devices. When they went back to the common floor, Thor and Steve were missing. Natasha informed them that the two had taken it upon themselves to kick the captain out of the tower and Thor had escorted him put, to ensure that there was no trouble. Later that night, Bruce had JARVIS shut down the lab, forcing Tony to join them for dinner and a movie. Natasha watched as Bruce rewrapped Tony's hands, as a few stitches had come a loose and his bandages soaked

through. She knew better than to ask him what had happened to his hands; that was a question for Bruce and Clint. Thor, on the other hand, was quite vocal about the fact that homosexuality was a normal thing in Asgard and that he had a right to be upset upon learning that his lover- ex, Tony corrected- was not truly dead and that he had been lied to for so long. He also shared how angry and disappointed he was in Steve for not accepting his teammate and for his violent behavior. It went without saying that everyone was in agreement that Steve would only have a chance of being accepted back into the tower if Tony was comfortable with it. By the end of the night, Tony was dozing off on Bruce's shoulder, breathing calmly with a content expression on his face. This was what it felt like to be safe.

**AN: So here you go. The last chapter of the first story. Let me know what you think and feel free to send in requests. Also yes, I know I never made it clear whether Bruce was his boyfriend or if Clint was. Let your imagination decide that. Other stories will be clearer on the topic, but I felt this one deserved a special sense of ambiguity. **

End
file.